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PACIFIC COLLEGE  
MAY, 1908

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# THE CRESCENT.

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VOL. XIX.

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NO. 8

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## The Dilemma.

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The house party at the big Fenton home was fast drawing to a close. The whole affair had been a grand success from start to finish, and for Jeanne Sandifer it had been a time of most glowing happiness. Her time spent at home was far from being perfect, with her uncle and aunt who were too old to be good company, and her father was away nearly all the time on business. To be sure, she had luxurious surroundings, and everything that money could buy. Yet there was one thing lacking—the association with people in which she could find sympathy with her ideals and ambitions, and exercise her wonderful ability to understand human nature. These short periods of happiness, in which she could leave her dear old home which seemed all too much of a cage to her, came all too rarely. There was the beach in summer, and the Fenton or McDowell house party, and occasionally an opera when her father was at home. And that was the extent of her year's happiness, or so she made herself believe.

But the Fenton house party had been the very best event of the year. Her father had been there, and she adored her father, with his venerable stateliness, and devotion to his only daughter. Besides, cousin Fred Stilwell had been there, and his sister Eva, and all the other good people, she told herself as she thought over the past days with their delirious joy, and planned how best to enjoy this last evening at Fenton's.

The large Fenton estate, Glendale, five miles from



the city, was ideal. The large grassy lake, fed by springs from the mountain, formed a perfect boating place, and the three boats patterned after the gondola type, were always in use when the weather permitted. Then there were the rides and drives, and the hours spent on the tennis courts. The lawns were lovely with their cool shady trees, dancing fountains, brilliant flowers, and comfortable swings.

All this Jeanne was admiring as she stood under an arbor of trees one afternoon, feasting on reminiscences of the past week, and anticipating one more evening of frolic at Glendale. There was one shadow over the happiness of the evening, for her father had been called back to his business. His business was always calling him! He was to return for her in the morning, however, and they were going home together in Jeanne's big new touring car, which had been left in Glendale.

It had been a week of triumph, she was telling herself. For had she not been the most popular girl there? Mrs. Folson had told her so, and Mrs. Folson was not partial to her, either. And had she not been obliged to avoid people in order to get any rest at all? And Dick was there, that was best of all. He had been so good to her, and had scarcely noticed any one else. He had promised to drive her car back to town in the morning, and she would telephone her father not to come. He would rather stay at his office anyhow.

Jeanne had met Dick McAllister at the McDowell party the year before, and what wonder that she had thought him worthy of the degree of admiration she had given him? He was so manly, so strong, and withal so gentle and thoughtful of her happiness.

As Jeanne was thus engrossed in thought, there

was a clamor of laughing voices out on the driveway, and in a moment a blue object was visible through the laurel trees. Her heart beat faster, for it was Dick's big auto, the Blue Bird, and of course Dick was there. Yes, and by his side was the new lady who arrived the evening before, and whom Jeanne had not met, as she had been out with a boat—and incidentally with Dick. The new lady was driving the car herself, and Dick was looking happier than she had ever seen him. But as he passed he raised his hat and smiled, and noticing her questioning look, watched her a second longer. Then he said a few words to the lady, who glanced back at her, and then they were gone.

Jeanne felt her face flush as the Blue Bird whirled through the gate on to the pike, and she felt a choking which grew as the auto vanished in the shady grove beyond. It was not jealousy, she told herself determinedly, it was only that Dick had almost promised her the ride, and then to go without a word of explanation with some one whom she did not know—it was very rude. And the feeling for resentment and revenge grew upon her.

And this is why, just at dusk, Jeanne started for the city in her touring car, feigning a headache and indisposition to stay at Fenton's that evening. It had been easy to get Mrs. Fenton's permission, for they were fast friends, and then Jeanne often drove an auto alone.

In the heat of her anger Jeanne rode swiftly and almost recklessly, for confused thoughts confused her actions. As she neared a hill about half way to the city, the big machine slowed up perceptibly, and without any apparent cause. And at the first incline of the hill, the machine stopped. There it stood, ob-

stinately, coughing brokenly, and disdaining Jeanne's efforts to start it again. Her coaxing and petting would not induce the monster to move. Jeanne's mechanical education was comparatively limited, and an auto was a mystery to her, as far as the construction was concerned. Here was certainly a dilemma—two and a half miles from town, a broken down touring car, and night already falling. She could not walk back, for she would meet Dick again, and the way to the city was long and tiresome. Then the folly of her actions began to occur to Jeanne. She could only climb again into the seat of the car and try to think her way out of the difficulty. The car seemed so still after the fast drive—so stubbornly, persistently still. It was entirely dark now, and so silent and lonely. The auto lamps only served to lend fantastic shapes to the trees and fences ahead, and make the surroundings more weird. And Jeanne was so overcome by loneliness and her anger at Dick that her troubled emotions found vent in a flood of tears.

But Jeanne was not destined to be left long in this solitude, for a faint rumbling, and two bright lights told of an approaching auto. She quickly climbed down, and as the car approached, waved her hands frantically in the glaring light of its lamps. They must see her, for if they did not—! But the approaching auto stopped, a man jumped out and came toward her. How like Dick it looked, but it was not he, for Dick was many miles away with the other lady or at Fenton's. But a questioning "Hello, anything the matter?" revealed the true Dick, instead of his likeness. So startled and so helpless was Jeanne that the feeling of anger held the mastery in her, and she forgot that she was dependent upon this offender to get home again.



She only answered that nothing was very wrong, and turned toward her useless machine to hide the traces of tears which Dick would surely notice. But Dick did notice, and although he did not know the cause, he knew Jeanne had given way to her temper. He examined the machine briefly and said: "Not a drop of gasoline in your tank. A careless trick to let you start that way. But why are you alone? They should not have let you come alone, and after dark at that."

"I often ride alone, and it was not dark when I started." "It is fortunate I came, I only——." "I would not have stayed here much longer. I would have gotten home alright," said Jeanne, but with a doubtful accent.

"But you have no way to go and your father will be uneasy."

"Father does not know, and beside I am no child."

"He said you were not at home yet when I called to ask how you were and I at once started."

"O, then he knows and I must go—if I may trouble you to fix my machine."

"But my machine is large enough for two, and you may go with me."

"I was going with you this afternoon," said Jeanne with an air that showed doubt as to whether the machine were large enough for them or not. "And this is the way I am left. I shall not go again."

"But Jeanne, I thought you would be glad to give the ride to my sister, since it was the only——."

"Your sister," Jeanne stammered.

"Why, didn't you receive my note?"

"I received no note replied Jeanne, nonplussed.

"That stupid porter," exclaimed Dick, "I could see him dangle from the paternal pear tree. Since I could

find you nowhere, I wrote you a note to be delivered by the porter, asking to be excused, since my sister Kate had unexpectedly come, and wanted to be taken to Ashville to the six o'clock train this evening."

"O, I didn't know," sobbed the penitent little Jeanne, "and oh, I've been so horrid. You can never forgive me."

"But you must go to the city with me." Jeanne leaned on the fender of the big red car sobbing.

"Jeanne," said Dick, turning her gently toward him, "will you go with me always?"

And Jeanne went.

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#### Agoرتون Notes.

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The Agoرتون Literary Club has adopted for the spring term the plan of devoting one meeting a month to study of prohibition, and the remaining three meetings to general literary programs. On May 5 occurred the second regular prohibition program, and from the way it was carried out it gives good assurance of being a successful plan. This plan seems to afford variety both in general literary work and in prohibition work.

Great interest is being manifested this term in all lines of club work. New members are constantly coming in, and from all appearances the club bids fair to do good work throughout the term.

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# THE CRESCENT.

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FLORENCE REES, '12

} Locals

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The hearty support which the Crescent staff is receiving is indeed gratifying to the staff members, who have the task each month of creating the material to fill up the paper. The students all show a willingness to help, but at the same time, a lack of confidence in their ability. They are, however, just as capable as those who do write, and some are more capable. Students, don't be backward, but step up and help things along. Your phrases may not be as perfect as those of Ruskin, or your thoughts as brilliant as those of Hillis, but you will produce good reading material and rejoice the heart of the editor.

We find it especially difficult to get material for the

literary department of our paper, and are in a position to highly appreciate short stories, or other literary articles. The editor may not get to speak to all of you personally, and ask you to contribute something, but you are just as cordially welcome. We want every student to feel a personal interest in the Crescent. Now be bold, and produce some stories, poems, or essays.

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In the May number of Success is an excellent article on "Happy? If Not, Why Not?" by Orison Sweet Marden. Anyone who enjoys a solid, well written article will be helped by reading this. Mr. Marden says that to be happy the pages of your conscience book must not be soiled. He says: "Real happiness is not fluttering, fly-away unreality. It is not superficial. It does not live in things. It does not depend on money. It is a quality of character. It inheres in personality. It consists in facing life the right way, and no one who faces it the wrong way, no matter how much money he may have, can ever be happy."

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At the Quarterly Meeting of Friends at Newberg, May 8-10, Pacific College was the topic for discussion for a half hour during the report of the educational committee. Some of the friends and fathers of our college spoke in a way which made glad the hearts of the students and members of the faculty who were present. It is good sometimes to hear those who back Pacific College tell of their interest in us and our work, and their hopes for us in the future. We want Pacific College to be better—better in its student body, scholastic events, Christian Associations, and general school work. Our college has a mission in this great Northwest, and one of no small magnitude. We have more,

and better students coming to us. With the growth of Friends in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, Pacific College is going to grow in proportion. We are assured of new students from Washington, and Rev. Williams, pastor of the Friends church at Seattle, vouched for the support of Washington Friends. Let's make Pacific a better school by first being our best selves, and then using our influence to get new students, help the old students, and be loyal to P. C.

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There should be a spirit of true chivalry in all acts of politeness. There is nothing more destructive to ease and grace than signs of respect which are not sincere. There is nothing more awkward in a man's actions than to raise his hat on meeting a lady and not know why he does it. The secret of being graceful is being natural. Anything more than your own natural self is hypocrisy, and nothing is more disgusting than hypocrisy. The world sees what you are, then be what you are.

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### Locals.

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Harvey Wright, '10, led chapel in place of Prof. Newlin May 13. He spoke on the manufacture and uses of glass, and from the expression on Prof. Newlin's face no one enjoyed it more than he.

The Earlhamite announces that Prof. Will Reagan has resigned as principal of the Bloomingdale Academy. He intends to teach in Pacific College next winter. Prof. Reagan graduated from Earlham in the class of '04.

Pres. Kelsey has been remodeling and rewriting the college catalogue and intends to have a new and up-to-date publication in place of the older publication.



The Prohibition Oratorical Association held their annual contest at McMinnville April 24. Pacific was represented by Beulah Spaulding, '11, who delivered the oration on "How long shall King Alcohol reign?" The contest was the best in the history of the association and was especially noted for the excellence in delivery. First place was won by W. U. and second by McMinnville College.

The track team men report that on their way to Forest Grove their tendency to make every man, dog, and chicken the butt of a joke, called forth numerous contra-blessings and threats on their lives. The boys report splendid entertainment at P. U. and good treatment except between 1:30 and 3 o'clock.

Prof. Jones and Pres. Kelsey attended the conference of the valley colleges which was held in Forest Grove April 24. They report a very profitable meeting and the colleges represented intend to make it an annual event.

Prof. Crumly is not teaching in college this term but is actively engaged in raising endowment for which the college has such a crying need.

In the late hours of Tuesday night May 5, the entire third floor of the dormitory was aroused by the appearance of a white, spooky looking object on the front lawn. The creature was dressed in white and hovered around the flower bed. It is generally supposed to be one of the co-eds, who has a habit of walking in her sleep, but not until its disappearance to the ladies portion of the dormitory did the frightened boys leave the front windows. There were no fatalities but one dignified professor had to be consoled by the matron before he could take courage and retire again.

Eula H. (in Horace Class)—My! I can't cut the head off a chicken let alone cutting the head off my husband!

Harry White smilingly walked up to to a lady clerk and said "Madame, have you a belt?" He had some difficulty in explaining that he wished to buy one, and cared nothing for the lady's attire.

Jesse Hammer (desiring to leave dinner table)—"Mrs. Hannon, may I be forgiven?"

The students, armed with hammers, lawn mowers, and rakes, sallied forth on April 28 to clean up the college campus. It would be far more beneficial if the two or three days spent planning and carrying out class scraps would be spent in making our grounds more attractive.

Paul Lewis who has been out of school on account of pneumonia is improving. He will probably not return to school again this year.

Florence Rees has been carrying her left arm in a sling the last week on account of a fractured wrist.

Rev. Williams, pastor of the Friends church of Seattle led chapel Monday, May 11. Rev. Williams is a fine speaker. He speaks to individuals, and not to his audience.

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### Track Tryout.

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The local tryout for the track team was held on the the athletic field on the evenings of May 4th and 5th, after dismissal of school. The school was divided into two divisions with Roy Mills as captian of the Old Golds, and Lena Spangle as captian of the Navy Blues.

The events were taken as follows:

100 yard dash—V. Hadley 1st, Wilson, Williams, time 11 seconds.

## THE CRESCENT

50 yard dash—V. Hadley, Wilson; time 6 sec.

220 yard dash—V. Hadley, Wilson, Williams; time 24 1-5 sec.

440 yard dash—V. Hadley, Rasmussen, Williams; time 60 sec.

880 yard dash—C. Hadley, Dudley, C. Lewis; time 2:25.

Mile run—Dudley, C. Hadley, C. Lewis; time 5:20 1-5.

High jump—C. Lewis, Gause, R. Lewis; height 5 ft.

Broad Jump—V. Hadley, Wilson, Smith; distance 18 ft. 9 in.

Pole vault—Wilson and Dudley tied for 1st, Gause 3rd; height 9 ft. 6 in.

Shot put—V. Hadley, C. Hadley, Smith; distance 28 ft. 9 in.

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### P. U. Wins over P. C. By Big Score.

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Pacific College was defeated in a field meet at Forest Grove by Pacific University May 9, by a score of 97-20. The Quakers were plainly outclassed from the beginning, and let the the P. U. men carry off event after event at a take-all speed.

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### Y. M. C. A.

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Pacific Northwest Conference June 13-21.

A "free for all meeting" was held May 13, in which a number of the students gave a brief description of their ideal man.

There are moral evils and religious prejudices, indifference, and opposition in college which will never be overcome until all the Christian students stand to-



gether and present to them a united front.—John R. Mott.

The Conference program briefly stated is: Forenoon, Bible and mission study class, etc; afternoons, fun; evenings, delegation and life work meetings.

Any one knowing of a prospective student, will confer a favor by giving the name and address to the president of the Y. M. C. A.

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### Exchanges.

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The Penn Chronicle always has well edited departments, especially the literary department.

Altho the Acropolis of Whittier College is not a very large paper it is well edited in all departments.

We are glad to receive two new exchanges this month, the Weekly Index and the Dixonian.

We note that O. A. C. won the interstate oratorical contest held at Pullman. The institutions represented were O. A. C., Whitman, and Washington State College.

Crucible, you have a very neat looking paper. The literary matter is very good and the other departments show care in preparation. The exchange column, however, is entirely taken up with jokes.

The Courier is a very neat paper. The April number gives an account of the state contest.

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